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case is a drawbridge, which communicates with the door of the tower, to which chains are fixed on each side, and and it is hoisted up from the inside of the door, and never let down except necessity requires."—See ninth volume of the *Archæologia*.

From the works of more recent travellers it appears, that in many parts of the East, round towers, exactly resembling those of Ireland have been discovered.

#### CLARA DELAVAL.

Truly and beautifully has it been said, that the veil which covers futurity has been woven by the hand of mercy. Clara Delaval was an orphan: her father had been disinherited in consequence of an imprudent marriage. But from the expensive education which he bestowed upon his only daughter, it seemed that he still cherished golden hopes for her; which, however, appeared to be altogether crushed by the death of his father, and the accession of his elder brother to the entire property.—From that period he became ascetic and morose; and the constant theme of his conversation was his own wrongs and the cold-heartedness of his elder brother. Happily for his child, she possessed not a mind to be warped by the expression of such sentiments, even from a parent's lips. Quick and warm in all her feelings, with her speech and thought were one; yet, though she loved her father with the most tender devotedness, she found it impossible to obey, when he required her to nourish resentment in her heart. When, however, he exhorted her to imitate his own example in shunning servility, her glowing cheek, sparkling eye, and high bearing, attested her proud independence of soul. The canker of the heart soon brought Clara's father to the tomb; and his brother only survived him long enough to make some atonement for his former harshness, by bringing the orphan to his childless home. On his demise he left her wholly dependent on his wife, than whom a more ill tempered and peevish being did not exist. She would scatter benefits with an unsparing hand; but she withheld the genuine smile of kindness, and omitted no opportunity to make the high-minded Clara feel she was a dependant. Had Clara been the protectress of Mrs. Delaval, she would patiently have borne with her infirmities of temper; but the dread of being suspected of mercenary motives was productive of a frank fearlessness of manner, which seemed to comport ill with her personal interest. Native delicacy of judgment, however, usually ruled her conduct upon such occasions; but when her aunt, as was not unfrequently the case, reviled that deceased parent, whose memory was embalmed in the dearest affections of her niece, then indeed, would Clara's indignant feelings burst forth in language which was not always bounded by the rules of prudence.

"One month hence then, dear Clara, you promise to be mine," said Lord Henry Treville; "let me hope that the caprices of Mrs. Delaval will not again induce you to defer my happiness."

His lovely companion was silent; but the eloquent blush which added lustre to her beauty as he spoke, told what her lips refused to utter.

"My Clara will not, I know be offended," he added, "if I entreat her to listen in future with more indifference and reply with less warmth, to the unjust sarcasms of that lady."

"Never, Henry, have I concealed my faults from you. That proud horror of servility which I inherit from my father, has too often, I acknowledge, betrayed me into a style of conversation with my aunt, which, were I not her dependant, I would be far, very far indeed, from adopting."

"Enough, enough, my Clara; believe me, that when I made my somewhat impertinent request, I was actuated solely by the fear that Mrs. Delaval would, if not by some miracle kept in good humour, disappoint me at third time of my bride."

"The evening's latest sigh, that shuts the rose," had already admonished them to part; but they continued to pace the terrace in front of the Hon. Mrs. Delaval's residence—for they were now on the eve of a transient separation, it being necessary that Lord Henry should visit his estate at L——, previous to his marriage.

Lord Henry, though somewhat prone to suspicion, was naturally inclined to those generous feelings, which dispose the individual to take the most favourable view of human nature, and its springs of action. But a close intimacy with a young man of high mental endowments, whose disfiguring moral blemishes consisted in a dark "idolatry of self," a ready faith in ill, and an eagerness for the discovery of latent motives, wherewith to sully the lustre of recorded virtue, had exerted rather an evil influence over the mind of this young nobleman; and nourished the chief fault of his character—suspicion. Still, however, he was not a convert to the doctrine of his companion—to whose arguments he would reply, "well, when Clara Delaval is proved unworthy, I will become your disciple; but until then I am content to hold that virtue yet possesses a home on earth."

After making the necessary arrangements at L——, Lord Henry returned to the town in the neighbourhood of which was Mrs. Delaval's residence, where the appalling intelligence met his ear, that Clara Delaval had been arrested for the murder of her aunt. Indignantly did he at first repel the horrid imputation; but the following details left little even for the most devoted affection to plead. On the evening prior to the murder, Mrs. Delaval had been more than usually unkind towards Clara, vowing that she should never marry Lord Henry with her consent; and that no portion of that wealth, for the sake of which she declared her niece desirous of her death, should ever be hers. Upon this Miss Delaval rose with a haughty and indignant air; and, protesting that she would no longer be the degraded victim of studied unkindness, left the room. Retiring to her own apartment she burst into tears, and appeared in great agitation. She then dismissed her maid (who generally slept in an antechamber)—and as she did not desire her presence, she permitted her to go and pass the night with a sick friend, in the city. The ensuing morning the murder was discovered. Around the neck of the deceased a silk scarf, belonging to Miss Delaval was lightly twisted, and a remarkable diamond ring, also the property of that unfortunate young lady, and the gift of her lover was found grasped in one hand. Not the smallest article had been purloined; and this as much as any other circumstance tended to criminate Miss Delaval. She was the only person that could benefit by the catastrophe; since, should her aunt die intestate, the property would devolve upon her as the nearest relative.

Bitter were the reveries of Lord Henry—terrible his alternations of abhorrence and tenderness. "Often," thought he, "often have I heard, but never until now believed, that the enthusiastic nature of woman brooks no middle course; extreme in good or ill, when she falls from the unspotted heaven of innocence, she 'cares not into what abyss.' Had the name of this once worshipped being been associated with any other crime—then, amid sorrow and degradation, my soul would have clung to her, with a devotion unchanged and unchangeable. But the hard heart—the bloody hand! No, no; never will I see her more!"

And how did she feel, "the outcast, the abandoned—the alone?" She believed that to be guiltless and to be acquitted were necessarily cause and consequence; and casting away all fear, she cheered her solitude, with conjectures as to the time of Lord Henry's return. "How he will love me in my affliction," thought she; "and how indignant he will be that a crime so dreadful should be laid to my charge!"

During more than a week she listened almost breathlessly for the impatient footstep of affection, to break the dreary monotony of her confinement; but it came not—and then the trusting heart began to fail, and blasted hope, with sickening and desolating power came back upon the soul. All that she had read and heard of the feebleness of earthly ties, and the perishableness of earthly friendships, seemed now confirmed by the deep-marking hand of experience, and to give assurance that

"He who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone,"

The demon of misery in whose very existence she had, with the joyous scepticism of her years, refused to believe was now coming fast upon her "with his o'ertaking

wings." For, learning that Lord Henry had been a week in town, she felt that her future existence, short as that might be, should pass uncheered by the presence of him who, she thought would have never deserted her. Thus given up to the wasting influence of alternate anxiety and despair, she was at length startled by the harsh grating of her prison door; and recalled from her long and bitter trance, by the warm embraces of her faithful friend, Augusta Treville, who had hastily come from a distant part of the country, to be the soother of the captive's misery, for whose justification she needed nothing beyond her own well-founded convictions. Lady Augusta, doubting whether Clara was aware of her brother's state of feeling, which ultimately brought on a dangerous brain fever, avoided all mention of him; while Clara, interpreting her friend's silence confirmatory of her fears, was too proud to make any allusion to him.

The day of trial at length arrived; and the hall was thronged almost to suffocation. On the appearance of Clara, a thrilling sensation pervaded the court. Never, perhaps, had a creature so peculiarly interesting been placed in that awful situation. Her slender, but exquisitely moulded form, was attired in a plain robe of black silk: her face was concealed in the thick folds of a sable veil, beneath which her fair silken hair fell in luxuriant tresses. This covering being necessarily removed, a countenance of the highest order of loveliness met the view; her every faultless feature was brightened by that light which the soul, "itself unseen, sheds through the face," and the inimitable tracery of the violet veins was clearly discernible through the transparent skin. Late confinement and present terror had banished the rose-hues from her cheek; but as she shrunk beneath the fixed and searching gaze of the surrounding crowd, the rich blood mounted to her forehead—and for a long while she did not dare to lift her eyes. At length she did so, and they rested upon Lord Henry Treville; who had started from a bed of sickness, to abide the agony of her trial, rather than endure that of suspense.

In the usual order, the unfortunate prisoner was called on to plead to the charge of murder! The revolting indictment, as it came distinctly upon her ear, seemed to have aroused her paralysed energies; and disregarding the technicalities of the court, she clasped her uplifted hands and exclaimed with fervour, "Indeed, indeed, I am innocent."

The heart-touching pathos with which she sighed forth these artless words, affected all present; but she heeded not the impression made on judge or jury. Her eyes, sparkling tremulously through their tears, were turned earnestly upon him whose doubts had lodged the cruellest shaft within her stricken heart; and a radiant flash of joy illumined her countenance, as she saw him bound over the place that separated them, and placed himself at her side. Her words had told; the simple force of truth had come powerfully upon his soul; the clouds of suspicion which had brooded there were put to flight for ever and for ever; and he unhesitatingly yielded to the generous impulse to render this public tribute to her innocence.

The case for the prosecution closed—the leading facts adduced being such as already detailed.

The breathless stillness that prevailed from the withdrawal to the return of the jury, was at length broken by the announcement of the fatal verdict, *guilty*. As the awful words fell on the prisoners's ear, an icy shiver ran through her veins, and her countenance paled to the hue of death. These were the instinctive shudderings and recoillings of nature; but incredible as it may appear, Clara Delaval passed from the scene of her condemnation less miserable than she had entered upon it.

Clara spent the day before that appointed for the execution in the society of a worthy clergyman, and at its close she besought Lady Augusta to leave as soon as trying to her feelings, but she was not to be moved. At her request, Lord Henry left the cell, with the understanding that he should return at sunrise the following morning, and spend with her the last hours of her life.

Calm and serene were the thoughts which came upon her, as in the spirit of prayer she knelt upon the damp

floor of her dungeon. It is true that the scaffold, with all its ignominies, would occasionally rise to her view in fearful distinctness; yet the shudderings created by the horrible vision were but momentary. The night was one well calculated to add to the solemnity of her reflections; for the thunder, that magnificent operation of nature, which not even the explanation of "cold material laws" can divest of its sublimity, had lifted up its awful voice to terrify the guilty conscience, and solemnize the contemplative hour of the afflicted; but to the soul of Clara Delaval it pealed in no affrighting tones. Thus the night passed on; and at length the morn arose,

"Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb."

Lord Henry entered, and perceived Clara seated at the little rugged table. To his surprise, she did not move at his approach; and softly stealing towards her, he found that exhausted nature had sunk into profound repose.—His sister also overcome by weariness, lay stretched upon the wretched bed; but hers was a fitful and uneasy slumber. With an irresistible impulse, he bent over the sleeping convict; and a bitter and desolating feeling agitated his heart, as he thought of the frightful change which a few hours would make in that form now quickened with life and impressed with grace and beauty. His tears fell fast and burning on the hand which he pressed to his lips; and Clara awoke. In the course of their melancholy conversation, Clara expressed her regret that her once attached Rose had not come to bid her farewell. "I could not have expected," she said, "that she would be indifferent to my fate. I am not surprised at Janet, indeed; she believes me the destroyer of her mistress, and must therefore abhor me."

The fatal hour arrived—the messengers of death were at the door; and Clara, casting an affectionate look upon her faithful friend, who she thankfully perceived was still asleep, hastily left the cell, that Lady Augusta might not be awakened to the agony of such a parting. Supported by Lord Henry and the clergyman, she passed along the gloomy corridor—when the two servants alluded to entered. The unfortunate young lady stopped to speak with them, and remarked with surprise that Rose did not appear at all affected by the melancholy end which awaited an indulgent mistress, but had rivetted her eyes, sparkling with a feverish glitter, upon the ashy countenance of her companion. Turning, therefore, to the latter, Clara observed, "I was desirous, Janet, to leave you and Rose something to compensate for the pecuniary loss you have sustained by the sudden death of your mistress; and, as I have nothing that I can call my own, Lord Henry has promised to attend to my wishes. Farewell! Think kindly of me, and believe me innocent of the crime for which I suffer."

As she spoke, Janet sank at her feet, and clasping her knees, endeavoured to prevent her departure by the most extravagant demonstrations of grief. Affected by this unlooked for burst of sympathy, Clara bent down and kissed the forehead of the weeping girl, and then moved steadily forward. Upon this, Janet uttered a piercing shriek, and rushing before the melancholy cavalcade, so as to prevent its egress, she cried aloud, "She shall not die! He has left me, and I will save her; for I—I am guilty!"

Astonishment and doubt of the girl's saneness of mind first pervaded the auditors; but the possibility of the truth of her declaration induced a delay of the execution. Clara, who had lately manifested such calm and elevated resignation to her fate, now that the light of hope had come upon her, seemed to have been made newly conscious of her melancholy situation; all woman's weakness came upon her; and overcome by conflicting emotions, she sank lifeless upon the pavement. She was borne to the governor's apartment, where Lady Augusta, awakened by the confusion, joined her, half frantic with fear and joy.

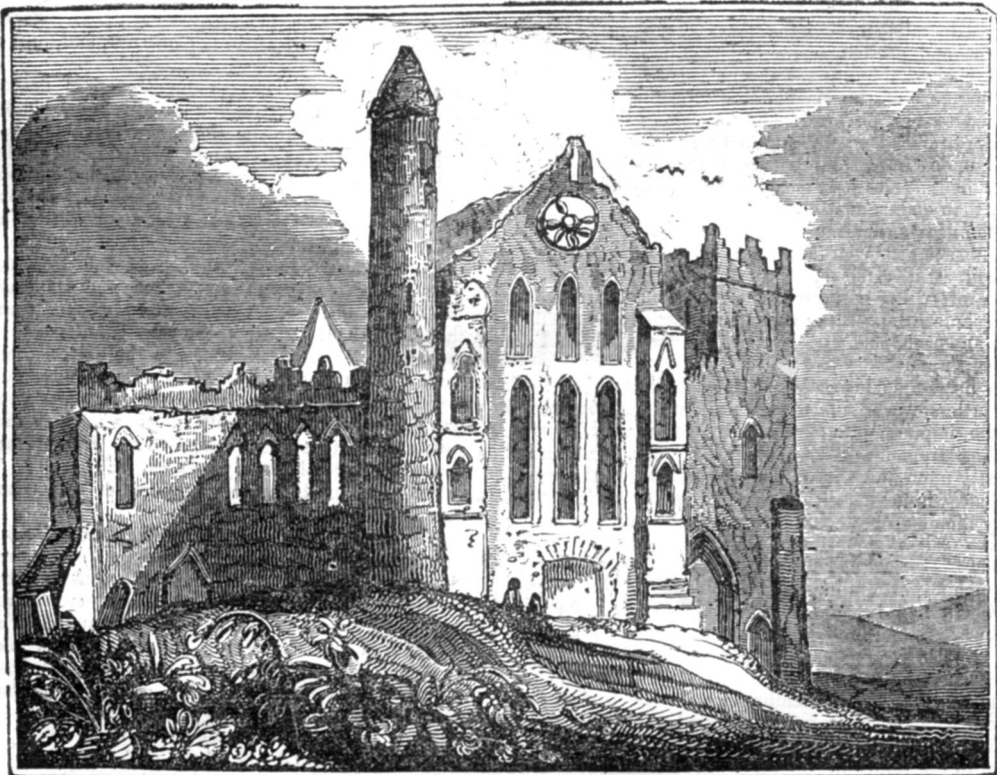
An investigation took place, from which resulted a full confession on the part of Janet. It appeared, that about six months previous to the murder, Janet had been privately married to a man of desperate and abandoned character, but whom she loved with all the devotedness incident to her

strong passions and ill regulated character. The marriage was kept a secret from Mrs. Delaval lest her dismissal might be the result. By her artful and seemingly devoted conduct, she had induced her mistress to make a will in her favour; which the husband no sooner heard than he began to employ the most powerful arts, to induce his wife to put a period to the old lady's existence, lest with her usual caprice, she might cancel the testamentary document which had been duly executed. The first intimation of the horrible design was received with an involuntary shudder; and she at once rejected the proposal.— But the tempter knew his power too well; and after various conflicts, during which desertion was threatened, he bent his instrument to his will. He then instructed her in what manner to evade detection, by casting suspicion upon Miss Delaval, who he assured her, would escape punishment through the influence of her powerful friends. On the night of the murder, in consequence of Rose's absence Janet attended at Miss Delaval's toilet, and thus obtained the scarf and ring; the latter she intended as a present to her accomplice—and though it afterwards became an additional proof against Clara, it was unpremeditated.— The instigator of the deed fled as soon as he ascertained its perpetration, in order to avoid the chances of detection, and from believing that his superintendence was no longer necessary, as regard for her own safety would render Janet circumspect.

The acute and sensible Rose, however, relying on the

innocence of her young mistress, was led, by some slight incidents, to regard her fellow-servant with suspicion, but could for some time discover nothing to justify the avowal of her suspicions. On the eve of the day fixed for the execution, while sitting alone in the apartment which had been Miss Delaval's, harassed by painful incertitude as to the course she ought to pursue, Janet, with a haggard and horror stricken countenance, rushed into the room. The majestic voice of the elements had thundered terror to her guilty and superstitious soul, and she now tremblingly implored permission to pass the night with Rose. The frantic agony which marked her subsequent conduct was such as to have touched even a callous heart; but she thought that the innocent Clara was about to suffer, steeled the feelings of Rose against her who, she was now convinced, was the real criminal. By an ingenious stratagem, she brought Janet, on the following morning, to the prison; when, from her knowledge of her character, she hoped that the sight of Miss Delaval, under such melancholy circumstances, would bring a confession from her; and, should such not prove the case, she was determined at all hazards to charge her with the murder.— The result fully justified her expectations.

It now only remains to state, what the reader has in all probability anticipated, that Clara and Lord Henry were in due time happily united, their main defects of character being, in a great degree corrected by the extraordinary event related.



RUINS OF THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

In our 66th number, with an engraving of another portion of these interesting remains, we gave a particular account of the various buildings. The above sketch represents the north side of the cathedral, including the round tower and castle—the centre is the gable of the transept.

#### HOUSE FLIES.

These troublesome little insects may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison.—Take half a spoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar and one tablepoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room, on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

#### INGENUITY OF THE EAGLE.

The manner in which the Eagle will sometimes attack oxen in Heligoland is very singular. It plunges itself into the waves, and after being completely drenched, rolls itself on the shore, till its wings are quite covered with sand. It then rises into the air, and hovers over its victim.—When close to it, it shakes its wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, while it completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings.—The blinded oxen run about quite raving, and at length fall down wholly exhausted, or dash themselves to death by falling from some cliff. The eagle then mangles undisturbed the fruits of his victory.